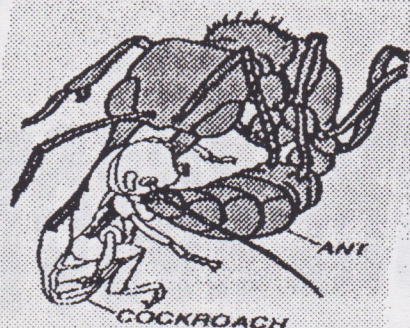


KILL THE ROBOT

Things I dig

Rage against the Machine Mayday/
Integrity split Tory Amos Shutter to
Think (especially crosstown traffic) Into
Another Dag Nasty CD Rorschach Old
School mix tape Cloudbreak Fanzine
Positron Fanzine XHomo PosX Anything
that comes out of the mouth of Morrissey
Cool computer equipment Masturbating
Anything Vegan Chicks Up Front Posse/
XNun PosX Riot Gmmmmmmmmmmmmrrrrl



I miss My dog

Start your own personal revolution today
.....GO VEGAN.....

Itisoktosmileandbenicetopeople

Evenhardguyshavegooddays...sowhysouldn'tyou?

Allthekidswhoam'txsexnowam'txsexnow

goandwriteazineitisfunandfulfillingomakedstagedive

These people did this

Noah Sussman-Night Psalm # 3: To the Hard
Dancers... Incept /crome**Magazine P.O.BOX
10278 Rockville Md 20849-0278: Zoe Crosher-
Most Photography...8217 Scotch Bend Way
Potomac Md 20854: LAW-Fear is the Mind Killer..
C/o Welcome To The Real World Fanzine 74427
Parkvale rd #6 Rockville MD 20853 Tania Tesse-
Media Evil By Nature? & Soil...Same School
Address as me but w/her name.

I can not think of a good caption for
this space right here. Well hi anyways

Welcome to the first issue of my new zine

KILL THE ROBOT

KTR comes out of the dust of FAKER # 1
and MAN OVERBOARD. I am pretty
pleased so far with what I have gotten done
.I am at a new school that has super hip
computers for me to spend all of my free
time on, so this zine looks nicer than any
other one I have done. The computer lab is
not open a lot though so I am doing a chap-
book called MOTHER WONDER on the
side, if you want it write for it at my address
School is kinda cool because they have a
few vegan things to eat at every meal. I
haven't been to a show in a long time so I
am sad about that because besides reading
and doing zines and masturbating, shows
are the only thing I do. I also miss all of the
really cool kids from D.C. I used to get to
hang out with. My classes are really great
I am learning about Gandhi and cool stuff
like that. Well I guess that is enough from
me for now. Thanks love Fatty

Your
Editor's
school
photo



KILL THE ROBOT

C/o Fatty/Pod Dissemination P.O.Box 296
Yellow Springs OH 45387-0296. Trades
are what I am into. Ok buddy. It is all you

I am looking for any cool pranks, preferably
ones that do not hurt other people or effect
the wrong people. I am also really into
having people send in contributions. All
that respect the standards of this zine will be
printed. I like to hear from people and I do
write back usually the same day so write.

Pod Dissemination

look kids it's a zine distribution thing so all of you kids with zines send me your bulk rates so I can send you the cash money real quick. This is totally not for profit because hoarding is stealing. So get off of your ass and do a zine and get in touch with me. Punk is cool and zines are punk and blah blah blah I really can't think of anything else to say so blah blah blah some more. my address is Pod Dissemination P.O.Box 296 Yellow Springs Oh 45387-0296 or look for the address in the front of the zine because it is the same address.

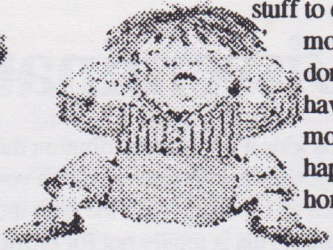
Some more things: There is a three day show coming up the 19, 20 and 21 of march in dayton oh at the new space with all of your favorite bands and probably a few you never even heard of yet. Look for the dog house add in the new mrr to get in touch or call network between 2-7 at (513) 277 4144. You gotta come because it is the show of the century. Bands that might be playing are mouth piece, ashes, into another, super touch resurrection, hoover, another wall and a ton of others that I can't remember now so come to the blow out and have fun. P.s. the XNun PosX and the XHomo PosX will be there so its gotta be hip.

Any of you queer punks or straight edge kids or supporters or what ever if you are going to go to the march on washington get in touch with me at P.O.Box 296 Yellow Springs Oh 45387-0296 or in touch with Matt at OutPunk and Shred of Dignity at P.O.Box 170501 San Francisco, CA 94117. Ok come or be a hypocrite.

this space goes to waste. well
smile and be happy

here is my address for the third time on this
page P.O.Box 296 Yellow Spring

Oh 45387-0296



why I have this obsession with smiling and being happy as of late I am really in no position to be happy I have a fifteen page paper due at any moment and lots of other stuff to do maybe I am just in a cheerful mood because this zine is almost done I don't know but anyway I have been in an unusually good mood well look at this page a be happy ok my friend laura from home is really cool and she would always call me when I first got

to school and I was really lonely for home people laura once dumped water on me in a ethiopian restaurant though but it was really funny and this woman at another table kept laughing because she saw the whole thing jessie is also really cool and I have to do an entire chap book dedicated to her and I will do it soon um this will be disconnected because I had to leave the computer lab last night after being there for about five hours when I went back to my room I had gotten a call from bram so we talked for a while and he might come down to the show in dayton that is three days so that would be really cool because bram is great and he looks like luke from another wall the kid in this picture is giving another kid an apple and he is not going to cry any more do you know how people give you things and then you think they like you maybe it is better just to say I like you I don't know this is all kinda silly but who really cares because it doesn't matter if someone else thinks I am an idiot we are all nerdy in our own way when my dad when to his reunion he said the most popular boy had written a letter saying how insecure he was in school funny huh the most popular boy I wonder if my friend carlos ever gets insecure he it the greatest kid in the world he is always thinking about everybody else he is the least selfish person I know and he is really hip too it is funny every everywhere you go people know him he got stabbed one in georgetown which really sucked and once this kid was trying to get all hard and was giving carlos looks or something and this other guy was like what are you doing carlos is not about that carlos is cool because he never needed to try to be tuff to or any thing every one should try to be like him he is always smiling and happy and so on and so on well let me get out of carlos' crack I wonder if people get that my pages go down to the left and to the bottom the in the right people who say my sexual orientation doesn't matter are just like white people who say that racism doesn't exist ok so het boy you can't be an honorary queer it don't work that way and no boys can be in with riot grrrl because it is grrrls only and that is great for a change of the stupid boys only clubs all over if you are not into separatist spaces that is because you have something to loose you are not special and you don't get all the privileges and you can't be in every club ok and I hate people who think they are the one special person who gets to break the law or what ever you people are just the same as everybody else and you can't be an honorary what ever and you



am glad you are dead and I wish you would take all the rest with you oh what am I talking about I am one of the rest I almost forgot that I am one of the bad guys you know what your little cries of the end of the world is coming and the world is getting worse are just ways in which to get people to be complacent so shut up and get to work we have got a lot of work to do to fix this place and there are quite a few things that you can do so get cracking and can someone tell me why the book save the earth supports ben and jerrys and also says go vegan

for trying to break into the sacred cities yeah real good it did the world asshole you suck and I

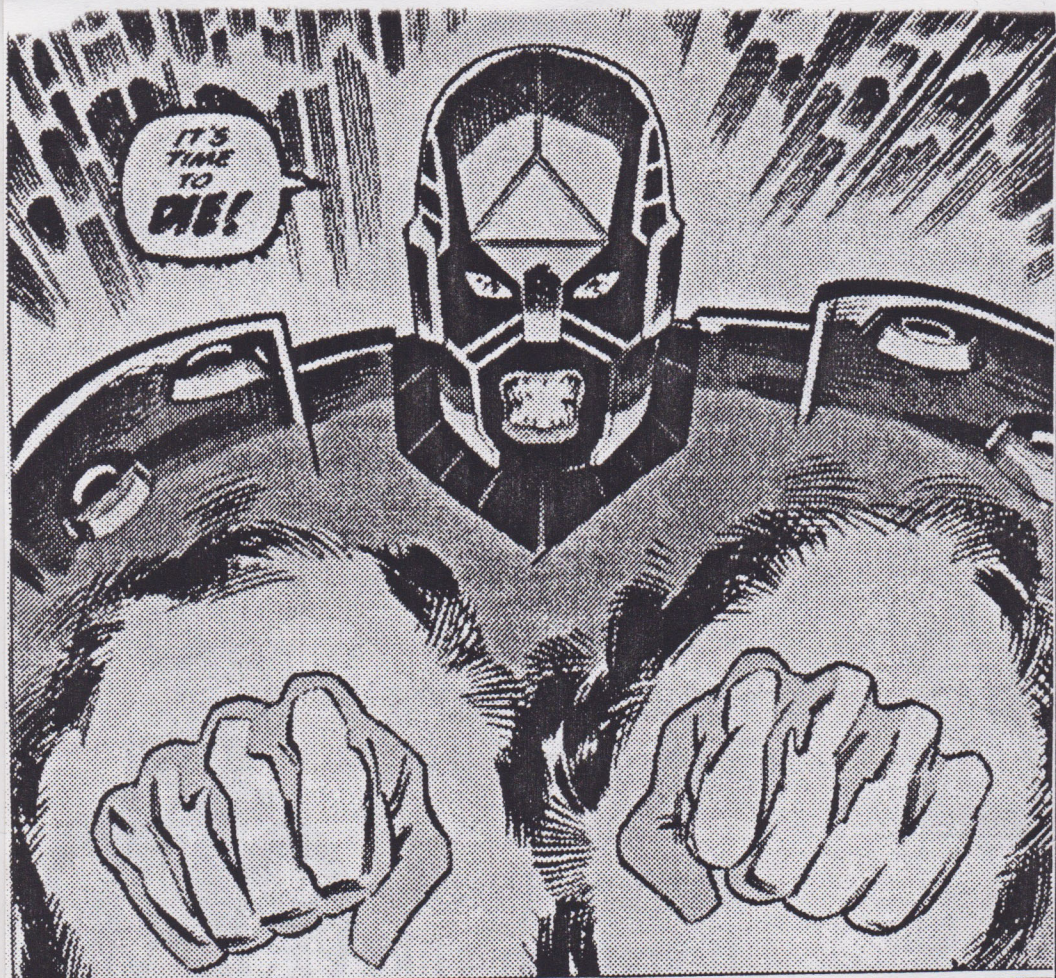


Riot Grrrl
XNun PosX
Vegan Meanies
Chicks Up Front
Posse
XHomo PosX
....If you don't like
em



You can eat doodie





Here is a little rant: If you want to make changes you need to be ready to take all of the weight on your shoulders. Changes are painful but well worth the effort. Stop buying records from major labels. Don't just stop buying punk or hardcore records don't buy hip-hop or what ever either. You can tape a record off of a friend if you really need to hear it. Otherwise you are just helping them gain control of our community and letting them set the limits. Also try not to buy from chain stores buy on as small a scale as you can. Buy from family owned stores instead so you don't help the rich get richer. Who do you think gets the money when you shop at Giant or Tower? The wealthy people you claim to be rebelling against. Don't buy from chain fast food restaurants. You are an animal rights activist but you eat a veggie whopper at BK or help make more than nine hundred billion be served at Mcdonalds That is pathetically hypocritical. Stop supporting those who help to destroy.

SHRAZASHK



The kids who left straight edge won't get hate from me, because I don't have enough time to care about them. I have enough trouble trying to maintain control over my life to worry about controlling someone else. I don't need the spite and hate for a bunch of kids who could have believed in something or could have been into it just for a cool ride or because it was trendy. Yeah I have made mistakes and I have fallen from being straight edge, but now it seems to make as much logic as it did when I was fourteen and I read the lyrics to that Minor Threat record. I do and I don't regret the time I wasted not being straight edge. I do in the sense that I often feel stupid or

that I have something to prove but I don't. I also regret the damage I did to my body. I don't regret not being one of the crew or what ever. I mostly don't regret it at all because I don't need to waste more time on my mistakes. I have been a sell out but now I am back and I understand more what I want out of this and what it really means to be straight edge. I know I have changed a lot in the past few years and I think that it would be pathetic for anyone not to have. Therefore I can see why some kids have changed and gone away. What seems right now might look absurd to me in the future.

Yeah it hurts to see a friend go back on what they have said.

Yeah it hurts to see a "hero" turn away all they allegedly believed in. But I don't need to be sad when those people make those kinds of changes in their life. I never needed them to be who I am and I don't need them to be straight edge. Straight edge is no less appealing because only ten percent of the kids I knew when I was first really into it are still left. Straight edge will still be the same thing no matter who is into it or who has fallen down or sold out. It doesn't matter if any other kid is into it because it will still be there for me to believe in. I don't need any heroes or support system. The only thing I need is my self. I will no longer look to the kids in the bands and the kids who do the zines and the kids in the seen for my corner stone. I will build my future on my self. There will be no eulogy, no requiem, no tears from me because what was never alive outside of me.

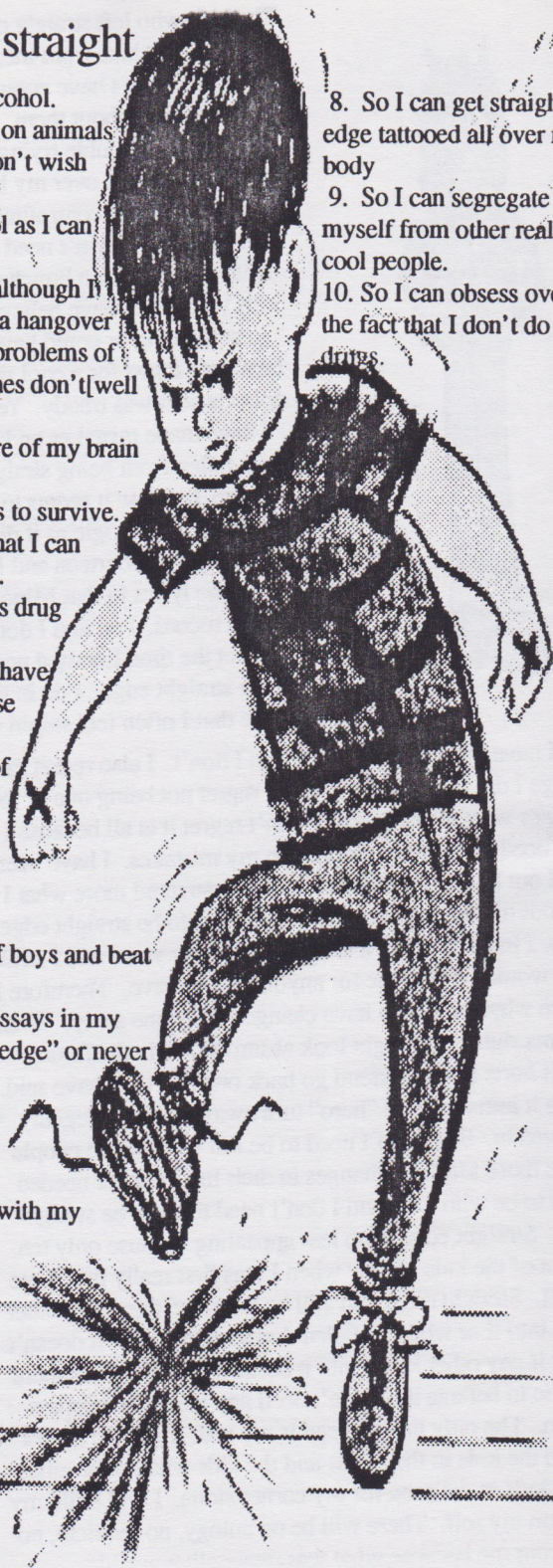


These are Reasons I am straight edge:

1. I can not afford drugs and alcohol.
2. Drugs and alcohol are tested on animals and therefore not vegan. I don't wish to support that system.
3. I like to be in as much control as I can possibly be.
4. I feel bad after taking drugs although I don't ever remember getting a hangover
5. Drugs take our mind off the problems of the world (as if music and zines don't [well sometimes they don't])
6. I don't wish to loose any more of my brain substance.
7. It is not necessary to do drugs to survive.
8. I really am creative enough that I can have fun without using drugs.
9. Ask Kent about the bad things drug usage does to other people.
10. I don't really need drugs and have not had any good reason to use them.
11. Um I am sure there are lots of other good reasons I can't think of right now.
8. So I can get straight edge tattooed all over my body
9. So I can segregate myself from other really cool people.
10. So I can obsess over the fact that I don't do drugs.

These are NOT reasons I am straight edge:

1. So I can be in a tough gang of boys and beat people up in the pit.
2. So I can write self righteous essays in my zine about "kids who lost the edge" or never had "it"
3. So I can collect all of the cool colored 7's of the hippest straighter than thou bands.
4. So I can impress young boys with my long sleeve t-shirt collection
5. So I can write a zine and talk my third grade political awareness.
6. So I can watch other semi-naked boys flex their muscles in the pit(ok maybe)
7. So I can beat up people or talk about beating up kids who lost the "edge"



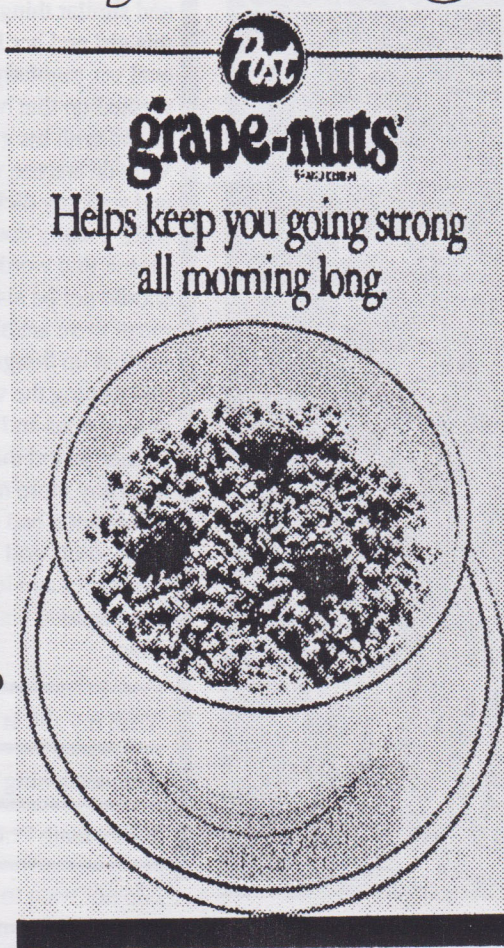
Silly Page

Allegedly true stories but don't hold me to it.

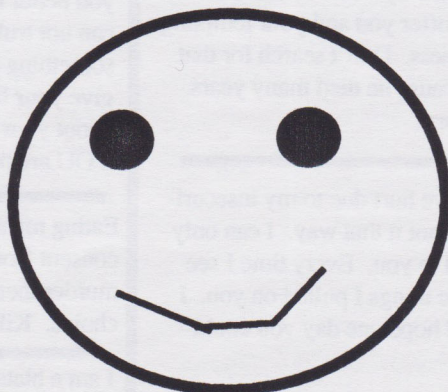
1. This girl at my school a few years ago hung herself and she was not taken down because everybody thought it was performance art.

2. This guy was in prison and he was trying to escape so he pulled the traditional jump in the laundry dumpster. Only he did not get taken outside he got taken to the women's side of the prison where he was brutally raped and beaten. They even inserted a pencil into his penis to keep it hard. Apparently they had sex with him until he died.

Scary huh? I think



It is ok to smile



and be nice to people

What is this? I think someone owes me an explanation.

Why are grape nuts called grape nuts?

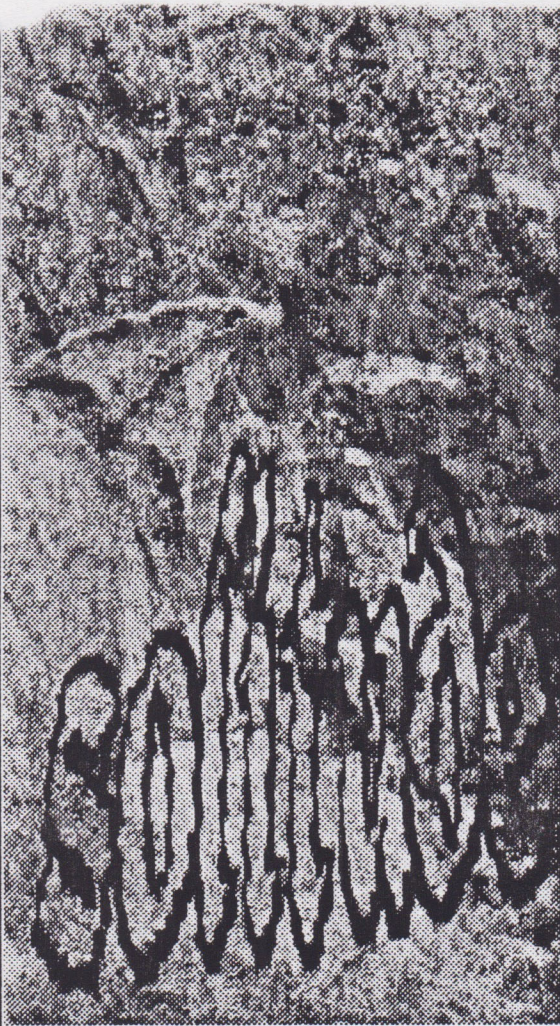
- They are not purple or yellow
- They are not grapes
- They don't even have any nuts in them

These are the ingredients: Wheat, Malted Barley, Salt, Yeast and NO GRAPES and NO NUTS.

Daily affirmation: I am a fag. I am a sissy. I am a queer.

Sorry to say but I have no affection for Elvis. Well actually to tell you the truth I am really not sorry.

Once when I was a little boy I had a hamster and I came into my room and there was this mouse on my chest of drawers



Hey I have something to tell anyone who might ever try to get close to me... Don't try I don't want it or need it. I have nothing to offer you and your tempting will only reveal my emptiness. Don't search for that special little boy in me because he died many years ago and he won't ever return.

To all of those people I have hurt due to my insecurities I am sorry. I never meant it that way. I can only lament now for what I did to you. Every time I see you I remember the idiotic things I pulled on you. I don't really expect it but I hope one day you could forgive me for my faults.

I have a friend who would crank call this one girl and the girl's boyfriend would say I am going to fuck your ass and similar things. We had info that this girl and her boyfriend would have anal sex regularly. I find it really messed up that he would use an action he did with his girlfriend in an insult. Why do we use words like fuck you and suck my dick. Are these things bad? I really don't think so.

I think that words meant for sexual act should not be also used as insults. I mean there are already so many messed up things about sex right now that turning the words as both descriptions and insults can only further distort things. Sex does not need any more relation to violence. Sex is not a bad thing no matter what some idiots god tells you. Sex is wonderful and it should never be used in a negative way to put someone down.

Yeah my shit is cheesy and it stinks

Unquestioning loyalty is suicide.

Every tenth Prabhupada is Queer

I do not want to blame anyone else for my problems. I am to blame

If you want to espouse something you better be ready to suffer. You can not truly be supportive of something until you are ready to give your life for it. Don't talk about your vegan revolution until YOU are prepared to go to jail.

Eating meat is not a choice. Go get consent from the animal you brutally murder then you two can make the choice. Killing for greed is never kind.

I am a blatant liar. Don't believe a word I say.

STILL WANT TO
HANG AROUND
SIR?

CAN YOU TAKE THE TERROR?

...AND PAIN... ...AND PAIN.

DON'T "JIM" ME, YOU
MEGALOMANIAC!

I MUST WRNCH
MYSELF OUT OF
THIS...

I HEAR VOICES...

JUST WHO THE HELL
DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

THIS IS ALL YOUR
FAULT. A PRODUCT OF
YOUR TWISTED
MIND.

SHOUTING...

A HERO?

A
SAVOUR?

A GOD?

BLOW THIS
MOMMY'S BOY
AWAY!

BLAM

THIS IS IT

I PASS MY
REAL ENERGY...

A MURDER
RIPS IT OUT.

ARRED

NO!

I HAVE TO DRINK
WHAT'S BEHIND ME

...THEIR
MEANING IS
OBSOLETE

THE TRUTH IS
WAITING
FOR ME.

The Crazy Dreams Section

I had a dream last night. I was in the driveway of my house. A man was in a cab. Another man had a gun to the guy's head and he was going to shoot him. The killer had a tattoo "JAIL" big on his hand. I started to sing (AKA Chant Hare Krsna-this was written when I was very into that-eleventh grade) I then woke up. I was freaked out. I hope the next time I get attacked by ghosts (???What the hell was I thinking???) I will scream (Remember).

I had this soccer ball and then suddenly this girl had my ball. She was tossing it to her friends. The girl kept hording my ball and I wanted it back. She would not give it to me. When I would try to get the ball she would toss it to one of her friends. Finally I pushed her or hit her and got my ball back. Unfortunately for me the girl had a boyfriend who kept chasing me (for some reason I did not have the ball at this point) around a little counter with an Asian man seated inside. Every once and a while the boyfriend would grab me but I would escape. The boyfriend would yell at me and tell me how he was going to kill me. I kept telling him it was unfair, I had been done an injustice and that his girlfriend was a slut that stole my ball (how these things relate I would like to know) and I was right. He did not follow my logic and kept chasing me around the counter. Finally some of my friends appeared and I ran to ask them for help. They were not interested although they somehow helped me get outside to where my car was. Once outside I saw that another big guy, one of the boyfriend's friends, was trashing my car. I bugged out but my friends helped me. They got in his way until I was able to get in my car and drive away. The whole time I felt like I was going to be killed for reclaiming what was mine.

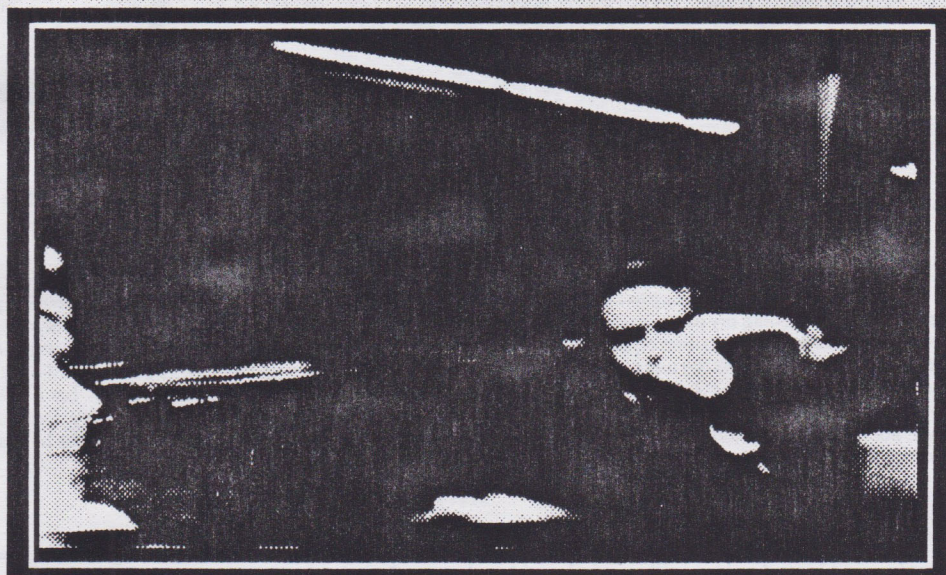
I was in the basement of some club reading some sort of magazine or newspaper that was keeping my attention. This guy came over and asked who cut my hair. Being the dumb boy I am I did not realise what he was getting at. I said I don't remember. My friend Tereasa then cut in and said that she did and the guy went away. I then went back to reading when my friends said get the hell out of here don't you know what is going on? No I didn't realise what was going on but I looked over and saw the guy with a few of his friends getting metal rods out to beat me up with. I figured out what was up, therefore I ran out of the club to my car. I couldn't keep running I started to run and I would end up hopping. It was alright because I did not see the guys who were after me. I finakky reached my car and twenty guys ran down the street looking for me. I could not start the car. I began to freak out and the guys were getting closer to me. I then woke up, therefore I don't know what happened. although you know they say you don't die in you dreams because you will die in real life.

"I hope God will give me the courage and the sense to forgive them and to refrain from bringing them to law. I have no anger against them. I am only sorry for their ignorance and their narrowness. I know that they sincerely believe that what they are doing today is right and proper. I have no reason therefore to be angry with them."

MAHATMA GANDHI

During Shutter To Think

This being written as Shutter To Think at the 9:30 Club on October 6. I have just had a talk with a friend on politic and punk and stuff like that. I am trying to cope with the thought that I really have no goal in life. I don't know what to do, what I want to accomplish and what needs to be done. I generally think that I am a free man but am I? I don't know but it looks like I am not. We do this thing, this one thing we act as if we are doing so much but we aren't. We don't do shit. Punks don't do shit. What do I do? I run around and talk political and try to look cool but what am I really doing? What have I accomplished so far in life? What will I accomplish? I thought punk was cool. I thought it made me do good things. My God, I think I am a good person (Not in the self confidence way but the other). With all my body piercing and other stuff that I do what have I accomplished? It doesn't add up to much. My main goal in life is to have fun. To enjoy myself. God what I wouldn't give just to be able to believe in Krsna like I think the others do. I can't. I don't. I don't have full trust in their books. I haven't fully "surrendered" myself to their way of thinking. It would be great to believe all I have to do is chant 16 rounds of Hare Krsna a day and not have sex, but I can't I have a different view. I live by fun. I live by what I will enjoy. I live by thinking about having sex with the next boy or girl who passes me. Feeling good and having sex are main goals in life. I find that screwed up. I wish I did believe that I could do something to change the world. I wish that I didn't believe that the world would get worse and worse. Not that this feeling has stunted my meager amount of volunteer work. This view just hangs there and bugs me.



Start your revolution today...start your revolution today...start your revolution today...start your revolution
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Soul



by Tania Tasse

I'm waiting for it to come. It's been over 12 hours since I've known; over 24 hours since it happened. Jeremy, alone in that house until the helicopter came. Face blown off, it was 45 minutes before he died.

Only anger now. I'm trying to figure out how an actor would do it; react to this. I decide that I should cry. But I keep thinking of smashing my plants against a wall, pushing my fists through the pot. I tell myself 'you're being too dramatic;' resume a hunched position on the bed. I go over it in slow motion; I cannot react correctly. All I want to do is take that soil in my hand, crush the tiny roots so hard that the plant dies, but so softly that it takes some time. I want to experience 45 minutes of dying. I want to see the leaves that I watched grow wilt. I want to see the roots' last gasps for oxygen. I want to see the soil which I nurtured and prepared fall away from the stem. Then maybe I can cry. But I can't do it yet, not now. So I start thinking about his parents and how they must feel; this happening so close to the holidays. I'm waiting for it to come.

I was always a bit afraid of him. Not because he was black, not because he did a lot of drugs, not because his hair was long and knotted and he smelled bad. If anything, those qualities tied Jeremy down to earth; forced people to realize that he was human, that he was like them. I can't explain what freaked me out about him, really. Like the first time I talked to him, first day of senior year, when he came into homeroom, sat down behind me and hissed "Hey you—I practice S&M. Can I tie you up?" He didn't laugh when I turned around, he didn't flinch, he didn't look away. He stared straight at me like he'd never said a word, and blankly asked "Why?" when I told him to fuck off.

I knew who he was before that; I'd seen him with my neighbor and his band. Jeremy was a great singer; had this whiney voice, it was so angry. But he stole from the others, and they kicked him out. I think that when he stopped singing he had no way to get the anger out anymore. We went to shows together, and I would see him getting violent in the dance pit, flailing his arms and kicking. A lot of people thought that he was begging for a fight. They just didn't realize that Jeremy had something crazy inside of him and didn't know how to release it.

I wish that I could detachedly pinpoint the line where life extinguishes. Watch a stranger who is dying, cut out all the excess circumstances; the family who may have loved them, the possible grief of their friends, and just observe the few minutes right before and right after the death. I wonder if it would bother me. I've always thought that it's not the physical process which is devastating, it's the loss and the pain and the hopelessness which surrounds suicides. Jeremy wasn't going anywhere fast in his life, and it doesn't surprise me that he's dead. I'm not going to say that the world would've been a better place with him in it. Had he lived, he would have gone to more shows, taken more drugs, and hung out. Probably. It's not the fact that he's dead which gets me; it's the thought of him being alone that night, taking a gun and pointing it at his face.

I hadn't seen him in a while. Not since the end of the summer, at Perkins, when my friend Kriss and I invited him to be in our music video. Our favorite band was holding a contest. Whoever could produce the coolest video to one of their songs would be interviewed with them on MTV. We decided to do a punk-rock version of the Cinderella story to the song "I Love You, What's Your Name?" We were going to have the evil step-mother and step-sisters be hippies who forced Cinderella to read beatnik poetry aloud while they meditated. Kriss had the idea that Jeremy could be Prince Charming, who found Cindy's combat boot after three hacky-sacking skaters chased her down the street and tripped her; and our buddy Angie would be Cinderella, since Jeremy had a crush on her in 8th grade. So we asked him about it, that night in Perkins when we were all hanging out, and he looked at us like we were crazy. He'd do it, he said, if he got to be on MTV, too. We were so excited that we called Angie from Perkins and told her our idea. She laughed hysterically for five minutes, stopped short, and then said, "No way. Not if I have to kiss him at the end."

I'm starting to feel it now, but it's hard. I need to take some time out; lie on my floor, stomp my bent legs again and again. Somehow I expected that life would halt, for a few days, so that I could deal with this. But everything around me is continuing. My classes are still going on, my colleagues are still going to work, my friends are still going out tonite. I'm afraid that if I stop, to cry, for too long, then I won't be able to catch up again. Maybe I'll never get reconnected.

The funeral is in Flemington, New Jersey. It's a cold day; damp and windy, too. Scott, Jeremy's best friend, is slowly pacing back and forth after they lower the body into the ground. He doesn't leave, just paces and mumbles and stares at his hands in his pockets. I think maybe he's trying to talk to Jeremy one more time, realizing the futility of talking to a wall, wondering what you do when the only person who you've talked to for your whole life turns inanimate. We watch him from the car; resist the urge to go to him with a coat and lead him away. He needs to be there right now, needs to realize that the chafing wind and frozen mounds are the survivors. Eventually he comes to the car, cursing about how his hands are numb, and we drive away. I can see the bulk of hot water burning in his eyes.

We go to Perkins afterwards. The band is there. Scott tells them how Jeremy's father can't pay the hospital bill, needs some help. They talk about organizing a benefit concert; Scott has a lot of music contacts in the area and could rent a place. They figure they can do it next weekend if they start planning now. Looking at Scott, I can tell that water in his eyes is turning back into energy. He's going to survive this.

I end up making myself sick. I guess my body just gets so stressed out that it can't handle me anymore. Lying in bed, there's nothing to prevent me from thinking about Jeremy. I dream about him, I eat him, I drink him, and I breath him for four days. I remember all of his weird quirks, and the one which sticks in my head is how he always used to open the door for me when we'd exit homeroom, and as soon as I said thanks he would howl crazily and run past me down the hallway.

The benefit concert takes place on a Saturday afternoon. All of the local bands are there and we end up raising over eight hundred dollars for hospital bills. I'm a little afraid that somebody will get up and make a speech about Jeremy or about his life. But this show isn't about him. It's about his family, it's about his friends, it's about our lives, it's about the music which we make. We dance, we laugh, we talk, and we have fun... We understand that

...AND ALL THAT REMAINS IS DEATH.

PRAY WITH ME, MY PEOPLE--

...MY BRETHREN--THAT IF THERE IS A FATHER WHO WATCHES OVER THE WRETCHED AND DEFORMED...

...HE CAN FORGIVE US FOR WHAT WE NOW DO.

IF, INDEED, DO JOIN IN PRAYER--

♦♦

TO ALL PERSONAL ADVERTISERS

Due to the overwhelming re-

large a list warding 20, 1992

Sons to es, a free yral Cal be on your yment via write your your fax.

TURCIS medium who is ar- big and has a fun-loving personality. Likes ani-

mas & children. (Not necessarily in the order). Prefer non-smoker.

152, 9818 Fletcher-Dwings Mills, MD

1521(exp. 11/3)

1511(exp. 11/3)

1511(exp. 11/3)

1511(exp. 11/3)

1511(exp. 11/3)

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1511(exp. 11/3)

1511(exp. 11/3)

1511(exp. 11/3)

1511(exp. 11/3)

MEN SEEKING WOMEN

395



NOW THAT I AM UNITED WITH MY BROTHER FOR A FINAL, LOVING EMBRACE

FINAL...?

1408(exp. 11/3)

YOU AND YOUR COMRADES MOPE FOR FIGHT FOR A BETTER TOMORROW.

WANNA SHOOT SOME POG SWM, 27, 6'3", solid build, brown eyes, into progress at sic & concerts, bowling, beer & shooter, pool look meet a bright, tall S/DWF girl out & having fun. 1511(exp. 11/3)

WARM, FUN LOVING

DWF, 5'4", 130lbs, semi-retired art teacher, youthful, sarcastic, ash blonde, considerate, give, in-terests include reading, outdoor be fun to spend time! 1402(exp. 10/2)

MY PEOPLE KNOW THAT DAY WILL NEVER COME! WM, 40, professional, there's a good time for those who by. Reply to: P.O. Box 22433 Balto, MD 21203.

MEN SEEKING MEN

397

MEN

only five once! Emp/ymen a

WOMEN STOP

SWM 32, 6', dark
firm, SSS (sensual
of humor), 25-35 S
going, down-to-earth
ous. Hang-uppers to
1473(exp.11/3)

A FAMILY MAT

YES!! WANT to me
telligent, attractive, p
personable, slender
wants to meet an ad
tractive, caring, man
ful, passionate, artis
ish DWM, 6'. One c
References available
1434(exp.10/27)

WOMEN SEEKING WOMEN

30 SOMETHING

Tired of meeting phony, boring
people? Are you looking for a
healthy, monogamous relation-
ship? If you are a healthy, stable,
drug free, independent GWF, 30-
40, let's meet! No BS or circum.
Write P.O. Box 3228, MD
21208

I DON'T WANT AN
ALTERNATIVE...

...I JUST WANT AN END
TO THE VOICES...

...AN
END TO THE
GUILT AND
PAIN!



professional ISO GF who is inest-
gent & sincere & who wants move
than a one night stand. Age 35-
49. No BS or circum. Write P.O.
Box 31, MD 21207.
1367

I HAD
HOPED YOU, XAVIER,
WOULD HAVE
SUPPORTED ME IN
MY BID FOR
SALVATION!

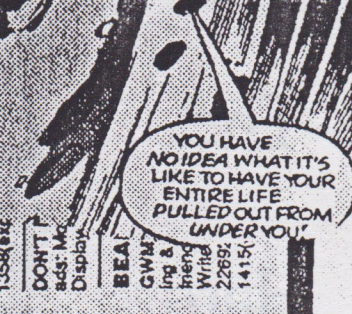
FAX
name
& ph
ad to
your
547-88

LOOKING + LOVE
GWF, very mature 23, emotional-
ly/financially stable, straight-look-
ing, kind, good-hearted (dared of
being hurt, taken advantage of),
romantic, caring, monogamous
ISO honest, feminine GWF to
hold, share our lives, hopes &
dreams together-forever & a day!
1513(exp.11/3)



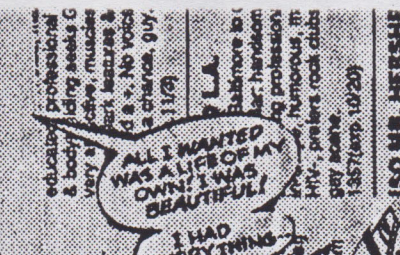
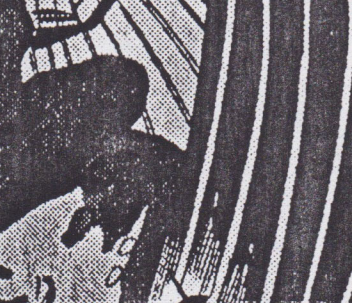
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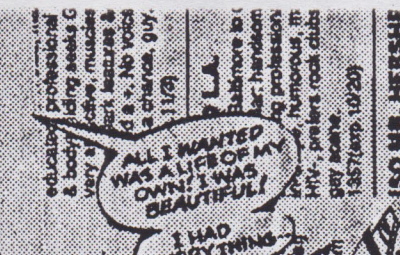
ISO MR. HERSHE
Hoping profess
of hazel

ALL I WANTED
WAS A LIFE OF MY
OWN! I WAS
BEAUTIFUL!



professional
idling seeks G
active, muscles
dark lezzies &
d & v. No voice
11129

I HAD
EVERYTHING



ALL I WANTED
WAS A LIFE OF MY
OWN! I WAS
BEAUTIFUL!

ISO MR. HERSHE
Hoping profess
of hazel



Night Psalm # 3 To The Hard Dancers

Man I have seen the glory; I have seen the testicles
flying wild in the pit & I have seen the flash of genital
piercings as four boys flew--naked--into startled arms
of the loveless, mad-booted crowd.

It puts everything known to shame.

I was standing by a monitor & up they came from the
pit first one, in his underwear; pulling it to his ankles
he dropped out and into
Then three more, rapidly, pausing only to pull down the
last loincloth of punk rock from their buttocks & roaring
away & down into -- something else; holding their Fruit-
of-the-Looms balled in brave fists

Dancing! Shaking cocks among the skinheads! Then
broke away & into a back room: spectres impressed
briefly on my retina; then vanished totally, not even
leaving a hair or drop of semen for DNA identification

& to the hungry cameras; just pink streaks flying into a
grayer mass, birds on the wing away from concrete
into storm, but no matter! Better to brave the lightning
than sink into a chair, apathy, rest? NO! Not for these!
Flowers through the concrete! Their exalted, scared
peni waving concert to a drum which beats a higher rhythm!
The hardest dancers in that slam pit in which God is the
PA & the band beats ultimate, ultimate right &
goodness!

These are the pink streakers in a larger night; in the
blackness of mediocre goings home among dangerous
automobiles or bus/ train/ footpath
these are the bellybutton aurora borealis that even
distant, twinkling suns take a moment or two to
recognize, to wonder, to ever after temper their cold
light with the faintest of happy colors



Dancing has a long history

Well Acquainted W/ The Touch Of The Velvet Hand

A black and white photograph of a bed. A large, patterned pillow is at the head of the bed. A blanket with a wide, ruffled edge is pulled up to the chest. The background shows a window with blinds and a door.

masturbating experience. And while the physical is interesting, the mental is fundamental and therefore must be gone into on an even more intricately vivisectioned vehicle, given that I was wrong a few lines up (when I said that teasing was the key for surely any moron (including myself) could see that this is a classic case of "secondary" and mental fantasy is the first and foremost key to a good arousing time and a clean long, satisfying finish. So I laid my head back against the pillows and closed my eyes and saw skin skin skin skin skin skin skin skiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii dirty dirty conversaaaation packed full of people all thinking about the same thing as me doing skin skin with just them or another guy or another girl or another two girls or another two guys and two girls, whatever happens happens. This allowed me to move the earthy hand to my opening and insert a couple of it's fingers inside to do some stimulating there, completely without thought but sincerely pleased with myself when I realized what I had done. And soon after that I felt fairy dust being sprinkled all over my entire body and I swore to Mother Earth that tinker bell hung out for at least three or four minutes while I breathed heavily or moaned or did whatever I do while I'm having an orgasm (I'm normally having way to much fun to stop and take note) And then I relaxed backwards and forwards and stretched inside and out smiling smiling the entire time because I was so pleased that I had actually done it finally and I just had to tell someone because it was so much fun and so I told everyone I know except some people. (And I thought about when I would do it again.)

Media - Evil by Nature? by Tania Tasse

It was Saturday morning, 10 a.m., in the fall of '89 when I received the bad news. I was sitting in front of my then loved TV, sportin' my elephant slippers with the big gray trunks, waitin' to scream at the top of my lungs when Pee-Wee announced the magic word. It had gotten to the point, after two steady years of this Saturday morning ritual, that my parents slept with earplugs on and my sister had taken the practice of crashing at a friend's house every Friday night. Until this one particular Saturday morning when the world came crashing in.

RINNGG!

'Hmm, it's awful early for a phone call...'

"Hello?...What?! THEPLAYHOUSECANCELLED?!?...Masturbatinginamovie theater?...So what, your brother did that when we went to see European Vacation...yes he did...he did so, I was sitting next to him, remember?...so what's the big deal?"

So just what is the big deal? Hasn't the majority of the earth's human population (And quite a few animals, too), at one time or another, masturbated? Granted, maybe not in a movie theater, but does that warrant the cancellation of a truly entertaining and educational children's program? What kind of messages do things like Playhouse's cancellation send to those of us who are still learning about our sexuality? That we will be punished for acting on our sexual urges unless we do it in a certain "acceptable" way?

Recently, I have read many interviews and articles condemning the media; television especially, I think, however, that there is an important to be made between media itself and the institutions which control it. Media, in and of itself, is a great thing. In all forms, it is possibly the most influential learning tool which we have. Television, movies, radio, etc., bombards us with messages. Not only are these messages entertaining, but they are all-encompassing. Media is everywhere that we go. It is our connection to people, places and things which are far away. The problem lies in the area of who controls the media. Lately, those who have this control have been encouraging homophobic and sexist attitudes.

The Oregon Citizens Alliance (OCA), the group who recently proposed amendment to the Oregon constitution which would legalize discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation (meaning discrimination against such groups as homosexuals, pedophiliacs, sadists and masochists) included in their proposal that Oregon Public Broadcasting would be required to censor any program that displayed homosexuality in a positive light. Not that there are many of these shows to begin with, but the fact remains that many children grow up deriving ideas about interpersonal relationships from the shows which they watch. Simply stated, a lot of children get their first view of the world from television. Media, however, does not expose adolescents to the idea of homosexuality, instead, it manipulates children into thinking that "normal society" contains only heterosexual relationships. When young adults finally get exposed to homosexuality it seems "weird" or wrong because it is not what everyone else engages in. It is foreign because it has been hidden.

For example when I got introduced to the idea of bisexuality at the age of 14 by a friend who came out, I thought that it was entirely crazy to entertain romantic/sexual thoughts towards members of the same gender. Now that I have been exposed to reality for a while, however, I recognize that I was brainwashed into thinking this way. I was shown a distorted picture of society by the media.

The OCA is not alone. Colorado's recently passed amendment declaring that homosexuals can not be a protected group serves as evidence. What it boils down to is that homosexuals may now be legally discriminated against when applying for job, housing, etc.. Would you want to live under a law which threatens your ability to love who you choose? Would you want to live in fear of your sexuality?

Another stereotype which media continues to support is the fictional difference between the amount of sexual drive in a man compared to that of a woman. Think about how many times, in movies and on TV, you have seen male characters go to singles clubs or strip joints as compared to females/ How many times have you seen male characters have extra-marital affairs as compared to females? How many fraternity boys have you seen "bag the babe" in movies as compared to sorority girls? And who always initiates the sexual contacts?

Homophobia and sexism are just two examples of how powerful media's influence really is. Our televisions teach us to maintain a certain view of society. This picture of "how things should be" has allowed us to oppress those who are different from the portrait (bisexuals, homosexuals, persons of color), as well as ourselves.

As I said before, many people seem to be swearing off television because of the attitudes which it encourages. If we all do this, however, then aren't we throwing away a potentially vital tool for both communication and education? as potential writers, producers, directors, etc., why can't we instead scrutinize the television, the movies, the radio, and the magazines. to learn to recognize the systems and stereotypes of oppression which they contain? If we do that, then maybe we can eventually replace this oppression with equality, acceptance, and whatever we choose.

Fear Is The Mind Killer

When I was a child I had to have the hall light on, and door cracked open so I could sleep. I had a fear of the dark. As I began to understand that which I once misunderstood I began to embrace it. It was my own stupidity of not trying to understand something that was common. It's not as if the dark was unknown. I just did not understand it before.

This experience brought me to this conclusion: "To fear that which is unknown is human nature. To fear that which is misunderstood is stupidity". FEAR Noun, anxiety caused

by real or possible danger or pain. Verb, to expect with misgivings. Example DEATH.

This is something we are all going to have to do like it or not. We have no idea when, where or how it will happen although we know it will. Those who fear death don't fear the act of dying itself rather the uncertainty of what happens afterwards.

Those who are less afraid of dying have found some peace in believing that something better awaits them when they pass from this world to the next. They have given themselves some understanding of something they felt they misunderstood. MISSUNDERSTAND Verb to fail

to understand, misinterpret, mistake in meaning. It is a common thing for humans to do.

This happens when we form opinions on subjects without knowing all of the facts. Example HOMOSEXUALITY.

For many heterosexual people homosexuals are no more than a group of people who's function lies only in a world of same sex acts filled with flamboyant men and butch women. It is only lately through movies, media and queer activists that the "straight" world has seen gays as more than sexual perverts. There is more of an understanding that they are

human beings that love, feel and will fight for who and what they are. It's only recently that heterosexuals have come to understand that all homosexuals want

is that which is supposed to be guaranteed to all under the constitution.

Holding a job, having a home, being able to hold the hand of their partner while walking down the street.

The Same things most other people do WITHOUT BEING HARASSED BY ANYONE. In

short now that people know that QUEERS come in ever race, religion and walk of life, people must learn to tolerate them (or brutally be killed-ed). The same thing queers have been forced to do for centuries.

STUPID Adjective, lack of normal intelligence, foolish or silly. I don't think I need to say more.

BY

LAW



Don't I want to write you? Do you really want to know? Is it really that hard for you to figure it out? Well I will spell it out to you.... You lied to me for nineteen years...Nineteen years. You told me that you loved me and that nothing else mattered. Then you go and tell me how I am an awful spoiled brat AIDS victim who never thinks of you. You want to know about not thinking of you...lets talk about how I can't even relate to people because of all the mind games you played on me while I was growing up. I think I could have handled it if you had just told me I was awful but you didn't, every chance you got you would put me down in your own little coded lingo. Yeah I am guilty of a lot of things also. My life didn't suck it just was hard with you pretending you cared but actually not giving much thought into who I am. It kinda makes me angry to hear the things you say to my friends when I am not there. It really reminds me of the time when we brought my friend home and we were both shocked by what her mother said. Do you realize that you now are saying the same exact thing that horrified you only two years ago? I don't know I don't ever think that this would not happen. I really believe that I always knew that you would take your leave of me one day. Jessica even said that she noticed that I always knew that the day would come when you would no longer care about me. Yeah its is really kinda funny to think about growing up and knowing that one day you would desert me. I think of it in the same way as those parents who disowned their kids when they got involved in interracial couples. Do I blame you? I really don't know. Do I hate you? No not at all. I still care about you and so on and so forth. I will always be attached to you even if you forget me. I will not stand around though and let you treat me like I am crazy. Because I am not I am a totally sane person and I am not a selfish as you have always told me. Yeah I am self centered and I am sorry about that but I am trying and maybe one day I will be able to conquer my self centeredness. You made me feel like a fool, made me feel crazy and insane. I am not though, yeah I know that well now. I am totally normal and my ideas are normal also. As to your statment that I will never amount to anything in life. Thanks it will just make me persevere more and try to get more things done. You have only helped me with your ridicule and shame it just makes me stronger. I thank you for helping me shed more of those ties that binds me. Maybe one day you will see that I am not an evil freeloading jerk, maybe you won't and you will always think of me in the same way. I don't know and I don't care. I have suffered enough at your hate and you embarrassment, you simpleness no longer matters to me. I am striving to be beyond all that you feel good. I don't know some times I am angry. Sometimes like now I don't really know what to feel anymore. What does it matter? Nothing there is no matter. I can survive on nothing at all. I can survive on myself and all of your falseness only helped me to become all the wiser and all the less attached to those stupid things in life. I don't need you anymore. I don't care about stupid stuff like that. Yeah lets talking about me not writing...o.k...what is my phone number? Do you know? You should I have given it to you about twelve times. Have you called me yet? No. Why because you don't have anything to say to me. Well I too have nothing to say to you. You don't owe me anything that is right but don't be upset at what you get back with that sort of philosophy. I don't you and I can kind of understand. You had a messed up life, you are still not so sure of your self. You still care about what the neighbors think. It is alright those things happen. In fact I believe most people are insecure. Yeah I am we all are but the thing is it is important not to let our insecurities get in the way of our lives. So hate me if you want there is really nothing I can do but please



Don't try to set my limits

Slogan goes here

[illegible]

Place
shocking
photo or
graphic
here

I was lying on my bed naked. I was playing with my penis, not masturbating even though that is what I had set out to do. I had the flesh of my scrotum pulled over my penis. I was playing around and I felt three little balls. I began to freak out because I thought I had three testicles. I really didn't know if the ball was my penis.



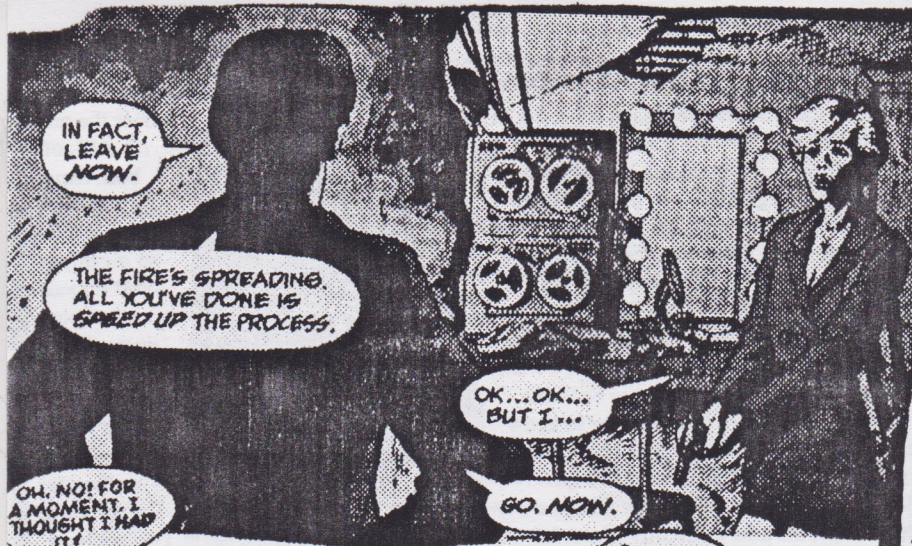


Animal Liberation

A monkey miserably holds her head, covering the empty socket where an eye was excised by the experimenter. Like many other monkeys she will be used again in other experiments.

&&& Now I wonder if suicide is the only solution. I don't always think that
 now is one of those times...maybe it isn't. I am too weak to take my own
 wonder will I have to wait until I die to find out? &&& Will I ever
 Is there anything? Pilate can you tell me what it is? &&& Why
 look at me so angrily? What is the rush man? We will ALL
 us. We are all included...none are excluded &&& I have
 I have been very happy although now I am not &&& Am I
 Am I a bad man? I think I am the only one who can tell me
 I want to know the truth. &&& Why does the woman look
 me when I try to pass her in traffic. What have I done? I
 the flow of her life. I am just a sliver of her imagination. I
 of her life. I am a second she will never see again &&& I
 why I do this zine...maybe I do not want to admit it. I want
 I want to be good. I want to be loved. I want to be hated
 to be forgotten. I never want to hurt again. I want to know
 be in love. I want to know what real life is all about. I am
 a spectator. I want to join in. &&& In a room I sit quietly
 instructions. I don't know what to do. I know things are wrong. What
 do? I wait for them to tell me how to live my life. &&& I do not ever want to be alone again. I do not have
 to. I am with myself. I am a whole. &&& Are they right? Am I wrong? Have I done bad? Sometimes I don't
 know what my anger means. &&& Will I ever know the truth? Do I hate the truth? Why can't somebody
 tell me what is going on here? I guess I need to find out myself. There is not a soul who can tell me what the
 hell I am doing here. My quest is my own. The mirror is my own. &&& For all I hold dear. For all I hold
 true. Will I always love you? Will I always need you near? &&& I am selfish. I am a bad guy. I hurt and I
 hurt others. Consciously and unconsciously I hurt others. I am evil. I hurt. &&& I want to speak but my
 insecurities burn at my insides. I hold my tongue. &&& Six months of agony. Will I always have to pay that
 price? &&& Consume ≠ shape, form &&& Do married women, pregnant women, and young girls always
 get raped in war? &&& Why would a god need to sacrifice anything for humanity? &&& The thing that is
 wrong with violence is that we are ALL guilty of the crimes against humanity. So we should all be killed
 and burned. None of us are innocent. &&& We are all here to fight oppression but we don't know where to
 find it. We don't know where to start. We don't know what to do or what we are doing here. &&& I no
 longer want to hear about why this sucks or that sucks. I want to hear what YOU are going to
 do to fix the problem. &&& We must constantly change ourselves. The revolution
 starts inside and it is a daily process. Every day try to
 make ourselves better people. If you want
 revolution today. && you must start with yourself
 anti-fur & If you want to give out
 &&& Is cards come to my church
 others? ones pain greater than an-
 out? && Is there a day I will find
 Am I a & Am I just an illusion?
 &&& figment in another's mind?
 otee I am the perfect Kṛṣṇa dev-
 sed. because I am sexually repres-
 the &&& It seems my sanity is
 &&& breeding grounds for my misery
 zines We look to the bands and to the
 there for a lot of our answers but what is
 invention besides some young kid? &&& The
 You are not open minded you just accept the things
 you are into. && && It is hard to say anything about change
 without attacking other people. We need to look at ourselves. It is better to suggest what
 we ALL can do than what someone else should do. &&& Continually implement the ideas of change into
 our daily lives. &&& I feel that I need to write because I get filled up with so much to say but I can not
 bring it out in dialog. &&& Remember who has to pick up after your mess. &&& I am the one to blame





I wonder if the people who make anti-gay statements ever consider what they are really saying and what it's impact is.

Sometimes

Sometimes I don't want to be bisexual. I know I am not supposed to say that. I am supposed to be positive. It is true though that sometimes it hurts really bad to be queer. The pain although is not really an explainable pain. The pain of queerness is more like a nagging depression that has its own will. The pain will come and go as it pleases. Sometimes the pain gets so great that I want to do "bad" things to myself. I really have not had it so terrible in wanting to do "bad" things to myself since I told my parents I was bisexual. Although it has come every day like it used to. Man that pain came so frequently that I should have probably named it and rejoiced it as a friend in the times when I felt most alone. It was always there, even when and especially when there were no others around to help me. My pain was always there in the hard times no matter what. It was there always when I felt most alone and most vulnerable. Sometimes the pain goes away when I confront it. Sometimes...sometimes never comes.

THE KIND THAT WILL BLOW THIS THING UP-- UNLESS WE FIND SOME WAY TO STOP IT!

WATCH THE WARE-HOUSE BURN FOR A WHILE.

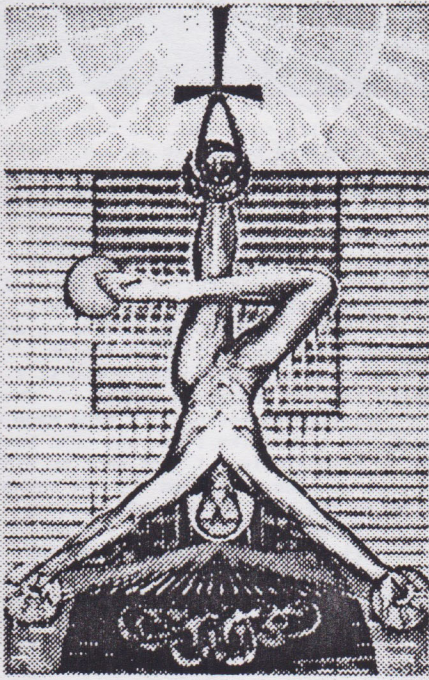
IT GIVES ME SOME KIND OF GRIM SATISFACTION.

BUT WE'RE WORKING ON BOTH SIDES OF THE PROBLEM. FOR BOTH THINGS. WE CAN'T TAKE SO MUCH LONGER. I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW LONG I CAN'T TELL.

FIRE: PURIFICATION. TRANSFORMATION. REBIRTH.

"DID YOU KNOW THAT THE WORD 'PERSONA' ORIGINALLY MEANT 'MASCULINE'?"

empty



♠ The Hanged Man ♠

I don't know what I am going to say here. This is just coming up now as I am typing here. About five years ago when I had just turned fifteen my sister committed suicide. Her name was Kathryn. I have not really thought about it much at all. I don't think I ever really accepted it. I don't remember her from my childhood at all. I don't have any pictures of her in my mind. It is crazy I spent fifteen years with her and I don't even remember her at all. I have images from my childhood but none of them have her in them. Well the situation was the generic fall-out with your boyfriend get depressed and suicide. I think that depression runs in my family or something. My grandmother suicide when My parents first married. I am not supposed to know that but a shrink I went to slipped it out. I never said anything about it to my father. Anyway back to my sister. Lets see, what do I have to say. Nothing really. I don't have anything to go on. I never cried. I didn't expect it to happen. I remember being at the hospital in a red sweater not thinking that she would die. I had no idea. I mean whose sister dies

when they are fifteen? I didn't think mine would. It was really a shock. What the hell. Yeah I know this shit happens. I can't believe that I am being like why me. I hate that shit it is so stupid. It happens there is no reason for me to ask why. I never really talked about her or it. My friend Laura sometimes would try to pry information out of me but I would resist. I wouldn't speak. One word answers were all I ever gave. I think it is time I began to accept what happened. I must have been denying it all along. Maybe that was the easiest way for me to cope for the time being. Now I think I must go into the problem and look at it for what it is. My mom thinks that her death has made me callous and cynical. Maybe it has. I don't know. Maybe it has forced me to accept my own mortality and has made me more aware. I do remember my mom ye ling at me that the reason that my sister killed herself was because it was so hard to get me up in the morning and that I was a selfish brat. Well if I had any effect on your death I am sorry. I was young. I never meant to hurt anyone. I don't think that my self centeredness was the root of all the bad in your life though. I have a brother now he is seven months old. He is really cool. He makes my parents happy. They hope this one won't be a failure like the other two they had. Well back to my sister. I am sorry she died. I loved her and even now it is hard for me to hold back the tears (I am in the school computer room you know). I had an ex-girlfriend type that said I compared her to my sister and it freaked her out. I do not recall doing that. Besides she was nothing like my sister. Man who could be the Roe children are so odd. Crazy I don't know, I loved my sister. I hated her also. Only in the way that siblings can hate each other though. I wish she could return. It makes me sad to think that she will never get to marry. She will never get to be a mother. She won't ever get to legally by beer. She never had the chance to do so many things. I wonder what she would be like now. I wonder how she would have tormented me in my later teen years. I miss her and somewhere I will always love her

I used to believe in something, but now I only believe in nothing.

-Kent McClard No Answers #10.25

Lost, deprived I am in pain. The misery I see now is not the ever so hip misery of Morrissey. No it runs much deeper. Life sucks, yes life suck shit. I hate it almost every minute I suffer through waiting for something better to happen. Self hate I encounter every moment as I breathe. Seems as if my survival depends on one as much as the other. They co-exist totally. Never have I seen one without the other. Makes me think: I am really well off, I am fairly attractive, fairly intelligent, and so on and so on. I am still miserable though. I grew up with almost every thing I wanted. I was fairly popular. I had and still to an extent do have the american dream. Still I am always in pain and misery. I hate most of my life and curse what ever got me here. I try to annihilate my sexual desire, which just seems to make me worse off in the end. I don't know what I am doing and it scares me. I feel worthless, so idiotic, so infinitesimal. I often see no reason for life. Sometimes I feel that I would be more helpful to the world if I were gone. At least that would be one less mouth to feed and so on and so on. The economic and political reasons are endless. I feel life an asshole. I have made a mistake in front of someone I wanted to impress. It seems like I can not turn back or change the events. The damage is done. It is irreparable. I just want to sink in a corner and die. What was I thinking? I have no idea. Call me all the names in the book I deserve it. What am I going to do to fix this situation? Nothing can be done. Yet another what was I thinking...A rough draft for paper for my English class: The characters almost end up in jail in both stories. Different reasons but the cause is the same. The control of the people. In order for the wealthy to keep their power they must infringe on the rights of those who are not in the same situation as they are. They must leach off of them and drag them down to unimaginable depths. They bring them into the horrors of the diseased mind and subjugate them to tortures only found there. I don't know what to do to rid the world of this sickening apparition that is ignorance and hate. I really don't even know if such a thing is possible. It is probably not. The strife that settles on those who are forced down is a greater pain than any other illness inflicted. The destruction of the entire race might be the only option left if we are to save this world. The annihilation of every single man, woman, and child would leave this dirt clod we live on only too much the better. Those evil men with their plans to destroy the human race, were so brilliant. The were so much more righteous than all those crying for peace. Oh Jim Jones and your Kool-Aid could you save this place? I don't know if the death of human kind is the only solution to end the suffering of all other life forms. Certainly no other life form would rise up and try to take over and try to subjugate all of the rest. Certainly no animal, mineral or vegetable would try to wield the power like we did when we were here. The animal are of such a different variety. An immense different variety. They would on act in accordance with the law. Yes they would have to kill to live. Although they would not kill for greed or pleasure as we do. Natural born predators, they would only kill as the need arised, never for next week or just for entertainment. The law set down would be followed unfailingly by those who would be kings. Those who would rule with an iron hand, those so beautiful, they know their limits and they know their lives true designs. For that beautiful picture the blood of human kind should righteously be the paint. Yes bring it ti the canvas and show me a picture of the wonderful new world to come . And yes better me first in the name of the new glory to come. You just gotta wonder what the hell sort of thing I am thinking when I write cheese laden things like this page.

Hey veganism is no about not drinking milk or not eating honey. It isn't even about not eating sugar. It is about caring about who and what you affect in your daily life. Veganism is about not taking life and it doesn't end with the elimination of one or two things but with the consideration of what you do and how hard you try.

not a bad as it

P.S.S.S. This
page doesn't

[illegible]

hey women do not need to be protected ok asshole you are the idiot who needs to be protected from yourself religious texts are not all bad just take the good and throw out the bad just as you would do with any other book if you read something in here or somewhere else that I have written in remember I am not writing about you I am writing about myself it is ok to bring something up and say I do this but as long as you are going to change as soon as possible destroy your privileges straight edge is not enough nope

not enough try harder I know you can do it ok I wonder if I am making any changes in my life or if I am just pretending vegan food tastes better really it does I swear so go vegan and have yum yum food I have more queer stuff to say but I gotta hold off so I do not OG over gay that's when you have too much queerness in one day or at one time like one sitting there is no reason to be in the closet because being queer is not a bad thing so it is not something you should be ashamed off my being queer is just like my having blue eyes and for me not being queer would be like me having dyed blond hair unnatural so if you are queer be happy to be queer cuz it is cool just like the man says gay is good xhomo posx is rising burn off those false representations of your self well on to another

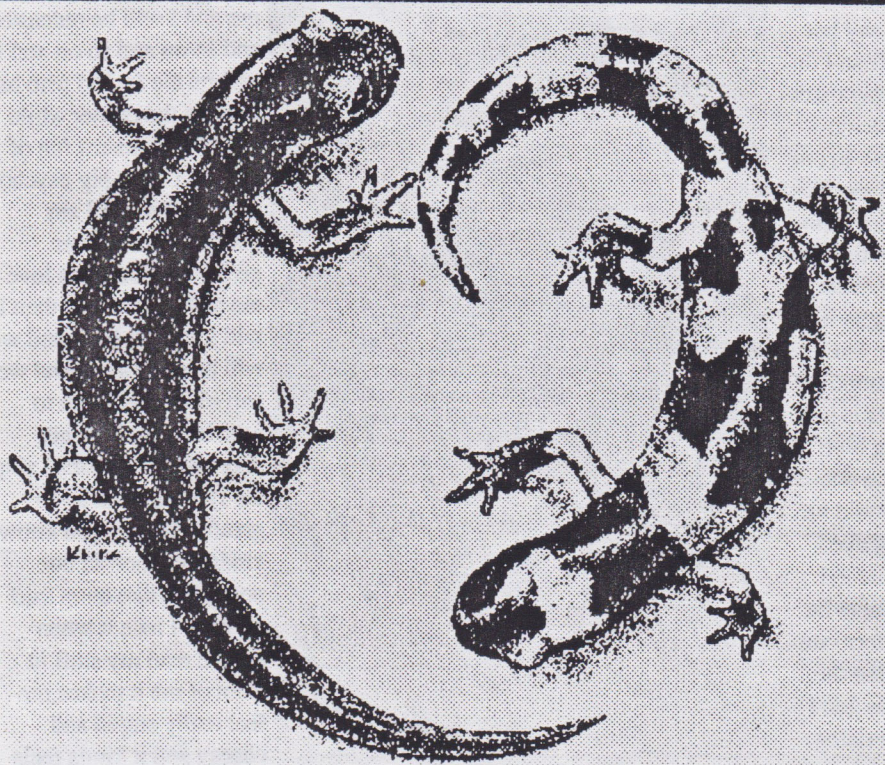


kid who always smiles and I think it is possible because norm is a really cool kid and he always went on errands with me when he came to dc I dig talking to people but sometimes I feel like they can use that info against me and I will be outcasted and so on and so on and I will be the fat kid who has to sit in the corner while everybody makes fun of me yes I have big psycho insecurities and I am goofy and computer geeky but you gotta love me any way alright then I will love you back and we will be real happy and we can smile and listen to morrissey and not get depressed but instead sing the lyrics and be so greatly chipper you know kinda like morbid but perky just like laura said oh yeah I hate it when people read my stuff in front of me it makes me feel really stupid and cheesy and it kinda feels like mind rape you know what I mean love you bye

bye ok have a nice day what I have always been a food freak when I was younger I used to only eat carnation instant breakfast comic books are cool but they cost money so do records so tape all of your records and sell them then use the money for a good reason like making another record or tape or do a zine or give it away to those in need yeah all you people who think you do so much how many hours a week do you volunteer your time I am sure there are plenty of places in your area for you to do stuff I really like cool kids who do mail really quickly and I also want to start to do a form letter for Pod Dissemination because I begin to get sick of writing the same letter over and over again norm says he wants to be remembered

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS GONNA BE THE 2ND TO LAST PAGE

when I was younger I used to try to catch these things in the creek by my house so when I saw
em I thought they would be a great picture for the 2nd to last page I don't rally know what to say
ymore because I have done so many pages in the past week I am glad to be done this issue but I
ow how hellish it is going to be to try to get the second issue out by the hardcore blowout in a
onth **X** here is an x for this page cool quote of the while "something about straight edge music
kes you want to point your finger" bram red bullet here is the word vegan for this page
ol cool cool I was on the phone and I was talking all fast **vegan** and my
end was like what his he getting all excited about and my other friend
d they are talking about food because you know when you can get food it is really
citing and here is the word queer for the page **queer** ok so what else needs to be done oh
much and to the boy who questioned jessica's knowing heroin users get a couple of years and
n come back and talk ok I get freaked out real easily so don't do anything to freak me out alright

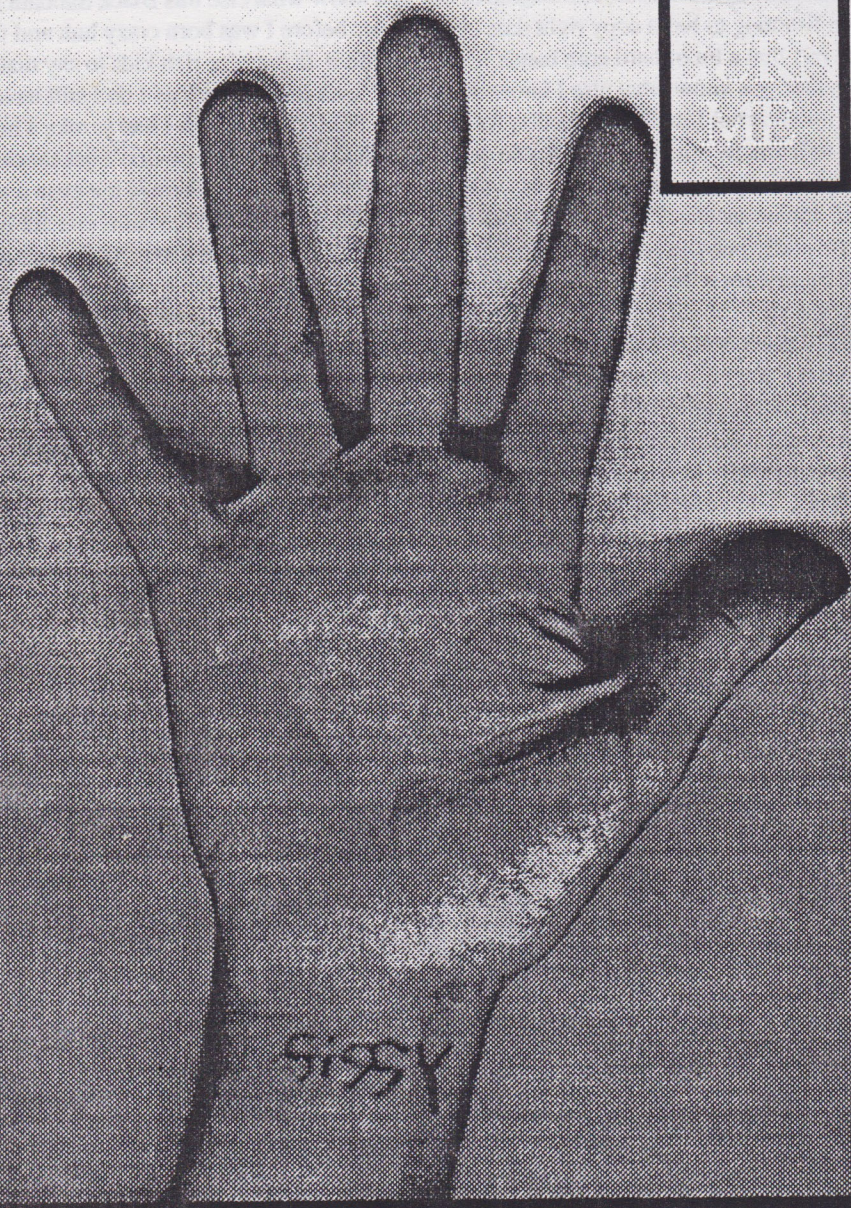


i didn't think I was going to forget to say grrrl on this page did you well were it is
ive only been to one show in about two months crazy huh zines
k oh yeah don't forget to rock out and rock on and get crazy and
is groovy and she has the BQ page in Spam and she likes all the
e boys with pull don't forget to write to me my address is three
es on one page so you should be able to find it like mail I **grrrl** am a mail fiend so all of
i write to me I am almost finished this page and the record master of reality is better than the
bath record even though it is good also but this one rocks harder no more oh yeah iess the

bye it is time to go now this is the lovely last page I hope whoever picks this up enjoys it a much as I enjoyed doing it yeah I am a computer zine geek and yeah I don't really care computers and zines keep my mind away from morbid thoughts of sex you know what else this Black Sabbath tape that have been listening to has a copy right date of two years before I was born crazy huh and think about the fact that a lot of hard core bands sound just life it is easy for rich kids to say that money doesn't matter you know what else I know that you all suck just as much as I do I still have no affection for elvis but I do have affection for shutter to think even though I had to take a break from it today I write really emo letters so if you get a letter from me and its emo don't get shocked that is just the cheesy way I am guess what non-violence is an attitude where there is not even a trace of hatred left so that means all you pacifist can not hate george or whoever because you are being violent it is really punk to be nice to people and not talk shit on them and to actually care about them it is ok to be straight edge as long as you do it with a spoon you are wrong and I don't have to do a thing you tell me to so there the times it hurts the most are the times it is most important your body is a billboard punk is cool but punk is not subversive when it is destroying itself hey who cares about what the neighbors think I don't revolution can be fun oh yeah I am a hypocrite and I admit it and oh yeah disclaimers don't mean a thing it is stupid to start out with a phrase like I am not racist but or I am not sexist but I think riot grrrl is blah blah blah or I am not a blatant homophobe but faggots have no place in the life line of the world hey you know what I don't hate you for your stupidity I just hate the action of your stupidity ok friends smile smile by the way sorry I am not cool and I don't know all the cool bands but if you write to me I will write to you and we can be friends but you will have to look for my address on the front page because I ran out of room



BURN
ME



TO:

KILL THE ROBOT

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